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ORMONDUS Redux.

An HEROICK
POEM
To His GRACE the
Duke of Ormond,

ON

His Victorious Expedition to SPAIN.
His Auspicious Government of IRELAND:
And Prosperous Return to ENGLAND.

— *Super Garamantas & Indos*
Proferet Imperium. — Virg.

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Congratulatory POEM To His GRACE the Duke of Ormond.

ILlustrious Prince! who best Your Martial Race
By your Own Valour do Adorn and Grace,
While the pleas'd Shades of Your Great Sires do come,
To Adorn the Triumphs of their Warlike Son,
The Peaceful Shades now leave their Quiet Urns,
And Each with wonted Fire and Valour Burns :
Such Vigorous Heat from Your warm Virtue came,
To Inspire their Ashes and Revive their Flame,
Nor could a Pious Offspring be more Just
To so much Sacred and Renowned Dust,
Than to Return that Noble Life they Gave,
And with Fresh Laurels to Adorn Their Graye.

From yon' Bright Regions of Eternal Day,
Old ORMOND now Descends, and leads the Way,
With the same Royal Port and Godlike Mien,
Like One who had Great Charles's Vice-Roy been.
The Good Old Patriarch liv'd an Exile here,
Whom the Kind Gods unchanged'd Translated There,
With His Serene and Cheering Looks He moyes,
And Smiles upon the Darling Son He Loves,
With His Auspicious Blessing Roads His Face,
What Numerous Triumphs the Young Hero wait,
He bids Him for New Honours to Prepare,
And Bounteous ANN's Royal Favour share,
He bids Him view the Court's Reformed Face,
Presaging Bliss to Albion's Genuine Race,
That no more Laurels from their Brows be Tore,
To Plant in Barren Soils where never Born,
No more Our English Veins and Treasure Bleed,
For Foreign Fields, too Dear and Precious Seed,
An ORMOND Shine again in ANN's Reign,
Like that Bright Star we saw in Charles's Wain,
He to Hibernia bids Him hast Away,
Where He Himself bore once Imperial Sway , With

With Peace and Plenty, Blessings rarely Known,
But when some **O R M O N D** fills that Regal Throne.
The Restless Isle in vain does seek for Ease ;
But when they Rule, 'tis Then Rebellion Cease.
No more the Baneful **Born** Destruction knows ;
No more with Blood the horrid **Shannon** Flows ;
Death's Purple Terrors, from their Sanguine Fields ,
Their Crimson Streams, no Ghastly Tribute yeilds ;
The dismal Clang of War is heard no more ;
No more the Furious Cannons found to Roar.
Soon the Glad Isle her Mournful Harp does string,
And Praises to Her True Deliverer Sing.

Thrice Blest **Imperial** ! while thy Joys Increase,
Our sad **Britannia**'s Joyful Raptures Cease ;
Your Prayers and Wishes still draw Him to your Shore,
Our Tears and Sighs but help to waft Him O'er.
But Know, though this Great Blessing you possess,
It is but Lent ; nor **Abundance's** Share the leis.
When **ANN** gave you whom She needs must want,
'Tis Grateful Duty to Refund the Grant.
When Heaven upon Us Her Kind Blessing Pours,
The grateful Earth returns what fell in Showers.
A Better Gift ne're Heart nor Hand Bestow'd,
Nor from a Prince to Subjects Blessing Flow'd,
To Govern Kingdoms, Empires to Acquire,
Full of Pure Justice, and True Martial Fire.
Though Royal Gems Adorn his Awful Brow,
The Lawrels He has Won there Flourish too.
The Armed World can't want long such a Chief,
Nor Europe's Cause without Him find Relief.
The **Austrian** Eagle does her Wings Display,
And bids her Champion **O R M O N D** hasten away :
'Tis He alone that can Support her Cause,
And Guard her from **Rebellious** Vultures Claws.
The Great **Dragon**'s Royal Race shall Joynt
To Affirm his Own, and Fix the **Austrian** Line.
No more of Spain's Impetuous Power Afraid ;
No more **Un-Faithless** **Gallia's** Treacherous Aid.
When Great **Britannia** to his Arms shall bring
His Royal Brother, and Spain's Rightful King.
The Proud **Spaniard**, **Haughty** **Gallia** found,
At **O R M O N D**'s Hand so deep, so fatal Wound ;
That one such other Blow secures their Crown,
And gives the injur'd **Austrian** all his own.

The Grecian Chief thus wonnes Courage fit'g, And great Achilles ceas'd to be Retir'd: When his King's Cause, and Country's Honour call, The Lion rouz'd and Seal'd their Trojan Wall. Experienc'd dread Inyades at O R M O N D's Name; The Eoe is on the Wall, and all the Town in Flame.

Nor shall Hibernia her kind Loan repeat, For O R M O N D from his Home is only Lent: who Juverna, Albion, Both do O R M O N D Claim; And 'tis but just, each lend the other Fame. Like two kind Sisters, mutual Love appear, And each by giv's his Two Twin Virtues Share, While there with Godlike Majesty he Shines, And here with Dreadful Courage further Reigns. With A N N A's Power denoly'd, He is above the Jove; The Mars of Albion, and of Both the Love. The Seas themselves confess His wide Command, And Neptune's Trident Trembled in His Hand; No Cæsar these divided Empires shar'd, By Jove, by Mars, by Neptune, Lov'd and Feard.

See with what Joy Interna's Senate pays Thanks to Kind A N N A, to Great O R M O N D Praise, For all the Royal Boosties which She gav's, And those great Blessings they in O R M O N D have: In which, as She Exe'st Her Royal Lane, So He does His great Successors Outline; His Active Son, Old O R M O N D's has outdone, And Fought and Conquer'd like great O S S O R Y's Son; That Valiant Hero, with Hibernia's Sword, Gave his next Successor his Marshal Word; But what his Son has prov'd by pure Descent, That Action is the Life of Government, void siveb his

A Bright Aethereal Spirit does haue Descendion From His Imperiall State, and his great tend'ry has a High Great Briton's Chief; Fierce O S S O R Y too Appears, And in his Hands that Bloody Sword he Bears, Which through the Fields of Mons once cut his way, And bids his Son mind that important Day. It tells the World what Wonders there was done, Which none dur'd Rival but his Wondrous Son, and W Nor Mons by ought but Vige be outdone. He like the Mighty Macedonius thet, Confin'd within our Earths too narrow Sphere;

Whil'st ORMOND's boundless Conquests know no Shore,
But o're both Sea and Land his Cannons Roar ;
By his Victorious Sword both Nations Fall,
The Proud Iberian, and the Faithless Gaul ;
Their dear Alliance they too late Repent,
Mixt with their Blood, their differing Souls are sent,
To tell their Ancient Sires who went before,
How OSSORY's Sword did much, but ORMOND's more.

Transcendent Hero ! much to him was Due,
But much more Albion owes her Thanks to You.
Her Ancient Honour, and true Martial Fire,
Some may Retrieve, but You Exalt much higher.
'Tis You Allert Great Britain's Mighty Powers :
'Tis You are Albion, or our Albion yours.
Neglected Caledonia Joys to share
The sweet Revenge of your Vindictive War ;
And glad from Old Iberia's Coast to view
The Wealth regain'd, she lost upon their New.
Juverna's Joys can be no less than theirs,
Counts Your Success, and Your Deliverance Hers.
Your spacious Glebe, and your stupendious Pile,
Make the whole wonder, and half make the Isle :
All which the hideous Rage of War laid waste,
And empty Desolation fill'd the Place :
Your Fields lay soak'd, and drench'd in Native Gore,
And Ruins pil'd, where Palaces before.
Keen Gallia's Vultur watch'd the gorgeous Prey ;
Your vast Possessions much allur'd her Eye :
Till like some Roman Eagle swift You flew,
And Cesar-like, Came, Saw, and Conquer'd too.
From Bright Eliza's to Great ANNIA's Reign,
Gaul and Iberia strove, but strove in vain,
Juverna from Fair Albion's Arms to Rend ;
Heav'n and some ORMOND still Deliverance send.
Thrice Happy Prince ! In whom our Fam'd Three Kingdoms
The Wonders that transcend, the Shannon and the Boyne, (join,
This Mighty Union, Sir, Exalts Your Name
Above the Reach of Poetry or Fame.
In vain they strive with labouring Wings to raise
What none can Envy well, and none can Praise.
They, like the little Insect, vainly Ride,
With the same Folly, Vanity, and Pride,
On your Triumphant Wheels, and think they raise
A mighty Dust too, with a little Praise.

That

That Lessens You, which makes most Heroes Great;
 True Solid Worth transcends the *Hyperbole's* of Wit.
 The Massy Work of Fame by Heroes wrought,
 Is their best Trump, and best shows how they Fought.
 The Ponderous Deeds of Arms are Lasting Brals,
 More Lasting than the strong *Hoyerian* Verse.
 Those the best Monuments themselves do raile,
 Above the Empty Poets Airy Praile,
 Who idly torture Sense, to reach some Strain.
 The Hardy Heroes Work, though Rough, is Plain.
 Even Vulgar I, now Err among the Rest,
 And vainly Praise Him most, who needs it least.
 Ambitious Witchcraft! makes us strangely do
 A thousand Things, we know not why, nor how.
 Somewhat of Homage too, our Muse would pay,
 And like the Little *Phosphorus* lead the way,
 For Bright *Apollo* to bring up the Day.

Fond, Foolish Muse! Thy future Flights forbear,
 Where none can Soar, but only Beat the Air.
 In vain by feeble Force of Verse we try,
 To raise a Virtue which has soard so high.
 In vain we gaze at the unwonted Height,
 Both lose the Object, and confound the Sight.
 So when the Great Dictator cut his Way
 To the high Realms of Everlasting Day,
 The Glorious Bird of Jade was seen to Rise,
 Till lost at last, she vanish'd from their Eyes.

Long had the Growth of France, and Pride of Spain,
 Aspir'd by Turns to Universal Reign:
 Whose dire Contentions something brought of Peace,
 And most beside themselves enjoy'd their Ease:
 Both a just Balance 'gainst Illsurping Pow'r,
 And Europe fear'd none but the Conqueror;
 As when Two Royal Stags in open Plain,
 With Thundring Shocks do Rival who shall Reign;
 [For Brutal Power agrees with Human Sway,
 Where most would Reign, and few or none obey.]
 Their Armed Heads, and dreadful Antlers meet;
 They beat the Earth with their Contending Feet;
 They traverse, get and lose, by turns, the Ground,
 And gore their bleeding Sides with many a Wound;
 Through all the Neighbouring Groves their clashing Beards
 A dismal Clang; the Horrid War proclaims
 The fearful Herd, at Awful Distance view,
 And dread the Tyrant Victor of the Two: B. Till.

Till some fierce Lion comes, and parts the Fray,
 And drives with Fear the dreadful Foes away.
 Such was Great Britain's Umpire, such their War;
 To which we made them often Peace prefer.
 But what th' Aspiring Frank so long had sought
 In vain by Force, he now by Falshood wrought;
 And by one Fatal Union conquer'd more,
 Than all his vast Battalions could before.
 Thus with United Hopes both Nations come,
 And long to see their Freighted Galeons home.
 Big with their Hopes, like their huge Carracks swell'd,
 And like their Bellies, all with Gold were fill'd.
 That Glittering Mischief, Gold! that Glorious Ill,
 Which with its Fatal Curse the World does fill;
 And all but wretched Man's more boundless Mind,
 Which to its Misery will no Limits find.
 Gold! which once curst us All Mankind in One:
 Gold! was the Fruit by which it was Undone.
 'Twas Burnish'd Verdant Gold! -----
 All was a State of Innocence at first,
 And Gold what made us Guilty and Accurst.
 That Ruddy, Radiant, Tempting Mischief still
 Prevails, and makes all Guilty whom she will.
 Its Powerful Charms made once all Nature shake,
 And still does through all Bonds of Nature break.
 The Two which first were One, it did Divide,
 And since distracted all Mankind beside.
 Husband and Wife no more its Power withstand,
 But fall a Sacrifice by each other's Hand.
 Parents, like those our First, still by it fall,
 Whose Dire Unnatural Sons are Nero's all.
 Curst surely was our Earth, whose Womb must bear,
 What makes a Child his Mother's Entrails tear:
 Brothers to fall by their own cursed Hands,
 And still a Thousand Cains to Curse our Lands.
 Satan, this Mischief with himself withdrew,
 And from the Old World, damp'd it to the New.
 There Cruel Iber found it, and began
 For its dear Sake too, to Extirpate Man.
 Her Baneful Silver, and Destructive Gold,
 With their New World has since destroy'd the Old.
 The Fiend, or Nature, kindly lodg'd it far,
 And deeply laid the Seeds of so much War:
 But Gaul and Iber's most Insatiate Mind
 For Wealth and Power, ne're could Limits find. For

For those, they round the Endless Globe will go,
 Or to its Bottomless Abyss dive below.
 With That whole Streams of *Europe's* Blood they spilt,
 And fed their Actual, with Original Guilt.
 With That they now unite, & Enslave it more
 Than their Divided Empires could before.
 For That *Iberia's* mighty Galeons come,
 With *Gallia's* Flags and Streamers Guarded home.
 How strangely Avarice and Ambition Blind,
 How do they Fool, Infatuate our Mind ?
 What strong Delusions by them we perceive,
 Yet will not let us what we See, Believe ?
 But though their Crafty Priests may Teach them so,
 Their Statesmen [one would Think] should better know.
 Much of Transforming Miracles they have heard,
 But ne're that *Gallia* was *Iberia's* Guard.
 Mistaken Misers, all your Spangling Oar
 Was Captive Prize before it reach'd your Shore.
 Before to *O R M O N D*'s Hands your Ingots came,
 The Haughty *Frank* had Stamp'd them with his Name :
 'Twas his *Indulce* Robb'd you of your Plate,
 His New Protection worse than Ancient Hate :
 And we ne're Harm'd you yet since *Eighty eight*.
 'Gainst Both these Powerful Foes no Power could stand,
 Till *England* took all *Europe's* Cause in hand :
 Even She who ballanc'd, or still turn'd the Scale,
 Had now less Hope or Reason to Prevail ,
 Till Prudent *ANNA*'s, most Auspicious Choice,
 With the Glad Nation's Universal Voice,
 Made You Her Champion to Repel those Powers
 Which Threaten'd *Europe's* and Insulted Ours.
 You like Her Ancient Genius Guard our Isle ;
 Under Her *G E O R G E* and You, She Conquers still.
 You joyn *Eliza*'s to our *ANNA*'s Days,
 And *Cales* again does English Valour raise.
 The *Iberian* Coast, even in your distant Fleet,
 Did with her Fear, her sad Destruction meet ;
 She shook before she heard your Cannon Roar,
 And left but one Poor Don to Guard the Shore.
 Our Bloody Cross too soon their Champion spied ;
 And Bigot-like he Crost himself and Did. O old and
 Ten Thousand more had gone the self same way,
 Had Courage or their Madness made them Stay.
 Boldly our Gallant Leader makes the Land,
 And makes His Actions best prevent Command. Sol-

Soldiers by Deeds are better Taught to Fight ;
 And Sounds them never Guide so much as Sight ;
 Their Generals brave Examples makes them see,
 Merit, not Fortune, gives that High Degree.
 Thus First You Courted Danger, left it Last ;
 While some come slowly on, and from it haste.
 The Iberian Forts soon felt our English Fire ;
 Behind whose Walls the Flying Foes retire.
 In our own Tongue, unknown to Them, we Spoke
 In Peals of Thunder, and in Clouds of Smoak ;
 Their batter'd Bastions which our Cannon Shook,
 Much like their beaten tatter'd Spaniards look ;
 Their Rotta, Matagorda, suppliant Fall,
 Nor San Vittoria safer than Puntaill.
 Not all their Saints could save from O R M O N D's Sword ;
 But those are Safest still who trust His Word.
 The Courteous Hero with His wonted Grace,
 [Peculiar Virtues of His Noble Race]
 Mildness with Courage in His Looks extends,
 And makts His Haughty Foes almost His Friends.

The Valiant Essex in Eliza's Reign ;
 Thus Humbl'd here the Pride and Power of Spain.
 Oh ! had our English Arms been now as True
 As A N N A's, O R M O N D's, and some other Few ;
 Or had his Counsel been as Wifely Weigh'd ;
 The same which made Transporeed Essex Glad ;
 Their great Palladium ne're had sav'd the Town,
 But That, as well as Forts had been our own.
 Even those whose Spleen that Cales Descent did Raise,
 Were forc'd to turn their Spryt into Praise.
 More Treacherous Foes Your Virtue found at Home,
 And more with Him should meet to Just a Doom ;
 Who grant'd You Honour, envied Your Succes,
 And Curst that Providence which Your Arms did Bless.
 That Cales Descent by their dear Minions laid,
 And Fairly by their Minions dear betray'd.

As some fierce Lion missing of his Prey,
 Directs his Countless Rage some Nobler Way ;
 He shakes the Trembling Forest with his Roar,
 And makts Mon and Beasts to dread his Pow'r.
 Thus Noble O R M O N D left their frightn'd Coast,
 To strike a Greater Terror than the First ;
 Nobly design'd Both Nations Strength to meet,
 False Gallia waited Proud Maria's Fleet,
 Who

Who doubly Wretched, the same Danger run,
Destin'd by Friends and Foes to be Undone ;
The false perfidious Gaul expects the Prey,
And with their Ruin they for Safety Pay.
First like our Treacherous Blood he steals their Crown,
Then claims its Wealth and Treasure for his own.
In vain Proud Iber digs his Fruitless Oar,
With Wealth and Pride, still Scandalously Poor.
The Crafty Gaul is Master of his Mines ;
With Gilded Pow'r, Proud Iber only shines.
Her Crown's of Gold, pure Burnish'd Gold ; but Spain
With Tinsel, Varnish'd Majesty, still does Reign.
Oh, had we but one English Rawleigh now !
And not a Gondamar left to warn the Foe ;
Not all the Force of Gaul should Guard those Mines ;
Tho' Wise Iberia in her Ruin joyns.
Cales should be Sack'd again ; and ORMOND see
Their Galeons Burning there, as well as He.
The Valiant Learned Wight be better Paid,
And ANNAD's Bounteous Hand should raise his Head.

But safe they are, and their Rich Caracks come
Within their Thundering Forts, and Guardant Boom ;
Vain Iber in his Pride, his Sense does lose,
Forgets our English, and his Santa Cruz ;
Ne're thought an ORMOND, or a ROOK, so near ;
Or that some more than BLAKE's, were left us here ;
Till his new Loss and Wreck his Old Confounds,
And Rodendella's Fort St. Lucar Drowns.
If our divided Hands gave such a Blow,
What must our English Hearts United do ?
The welcome News soon teach'd our joyful Fleet,
That Theirs had made their Port, and made their Net.
Ah, false deluding Fortune ! which does Play
With our sad Fates, and Sport our Lives away ;
Gives us False Views of all our Dangers past,
Till from those Cliffs we climb'd we fall at last.
Thus far'd it with Deluded Iber's Joys,
And whom the Seas Prelev'd, the Port Destroys.
For now the great Design went smoothly on,
And Fate even favour'd Prosperous Albion.
With Foggy Mists the kindly Clouds the Aif,
And Vigo seeing no Danger, felt no Fear ;
Vain [if she had] she'd sought her Fate to fly,
Vain to Dispute with ORMOND Victory,
Their Moored Galeons like strong Castles lay,
And made so many Narrows in the Sea.

Whose dire Resemblance and tremendous Sight,
Raise O R M O N D's Courage to as dreadful Height,
Prefage the same Succes upon the Main,
Which in Her Sanguine Fields His Arms did Gain.
The Sire, the Son, wade in one Purple Flood,
From Mons to Namur, make one Field of Blood.

The Lined Shores, whom Men, Forts, Cannon Blank,
Destruction, Death present, from either Bank.
That all the Bay one Citadel might seem,
Of planted Bastions, Cannon, and of Men.
But all these dreadful Bulwarks which they raise,
Serve only to Exalt our Hero's Praise :
Intrepid O R M O N D all these Terrors Arm,
What most Offends Him, most Themselves does Harm,
With Opposition He His Strength renewes,
And gathers Courage from Resisting Foes :
They Nerve that Arm, when they strive to Bind,
And who Assail, a sure Destruction find.
So some fierce Tyger, their Asian Indians spoils,
Regardless of their Dams, and of their Toyls,
Through all the Barbarous Rout he makes his way,
And boldly bears from all, his Destin'd Prey.

Soon as Aurora's Blush did Heaven Adorn,
With Ruddy Streaks of Light, and a Rosy Morn,
Auspicious Omens of some Happy Day :
Our Brave Battalions Landed in their Bay :
Th' Intrepid O R M O N D Marched at their Head,
Which Emulation in brave Shannon bred,
Hibernia's Famous Flood which bears his Name,
Does now with Him Aspirs to greater Fame
Unmixt she through the Ocean makes her way,
And so her Hero does her Homage Pay :
Like the Fierce Rhoes, through a vast Lake does run,
To share those Laurels which her Lord has Won,
O're Vigo's Streams she does insulung Ride,
And stems their Freshet with her stoeget Tide,
While with more Honour there his Waves are Strain'd,
Than with that Blood which Civil Wars have drain'd,
Her Hero there, Proud Iberia's Forts does storm,
Which from the Foe with greater Pride were Born.
Assoon is O R M O N D Master of the Field,
And to our Five, Ten Thousand, Spaniards Yield,
Our Floating Squadrons on as Bravish come,
And Resolute Hob'ys out their Yolding Boom,
The nimble Briton are so much as struck,
Where the slow Dutchman Gravell'd was, and Stuck.

Through all the Clouds of Smoak, and Flames of Fire,
 Himself a Flame, He makes his Foes Retire;
 Who with as eager haste now from Him turn,
 And more Afraid than he himself to Burn.
 Their Hobson's Choice, was here to Burn or Drown,
 Or Piece-Meal mount the middle Region.
 Both from the Thundering Ships, and Ratling Shore,
 Consorts of Cannon now were heard to Roar;
 Tho' high advanc'd to his Meridian Noon,
 The Sun withdrew, or they Obscur'd the Sun;
 The Clouds of Smoak soon made a dismal Night,
 While their great Fire again, brought Day and Light.
 High in the Air, the Haughty Spaniards rose,
 With Limbs all Torn and Tatter'd like their Cloaths;
 Thus sav'd by Fire, without their Lingring stay
 Of Purging, sent to Heaven the Shortest Way;
 Whilst the False Frank another Way does take,
 Dives with his Gold down to the Stygian Lake;
 Tho' near Allies, they never yet could Meet,
 Till dearly Joyn'd in this their Fatal Fleet;
 Where still their Bodies different ways were sent,
 And most think, as re their Souls together went.

Slaughter and Blood seek through their horrid Fleet,
 The Air, the Earth, the Sea, are full of it,
 Each Element is made a Ghastly Scene,
 To show where Britain's Dreadful Host has been,
 Their mighty Galeons, and vast Caracks lay,
 Like some huge Whales Imprison'd in their Bay,
 When all the Country comes to make them Prize,
 And with their Shouts and Clamours fill the Skies,
 Whole Crews of Armed Men and Boats assail
 Each mighty Monster, and prodigious Whale,
 Till Sides and Bellies Torn, they fall a Spoil,
 And to their Victors yield their Fat and Oyl.

Nor could their sinking Galeons shape our Rage,
 Poor Hostile Spaniards of some former Age;
 That restless Oar, which ne're their Earth could keep,
 With us finds no more safety in the Deep;
 Their Gold and Silver, now no longer be
 Safe from our Arts, or Arms, though in the Sea;
 In Peace, or War, we for their Treasures Dives,
 And by their Fatal Wrecks or Ruins Thrive.

Victorious Prince! Tho' our Three Nations share
 The Glorious Spoils of your successful War,
 None in your Triumphs bears so great a part,
 As that dear Partner, who divides your Heart.

Each

Albion

Albion in You Retriev'd, our Britains see,
And your Dear Consort's their Albionee :
Such English Hearts make England seem the same,
And from such Noble Blood her Heroes came,
Such Pillars best support her Ancient Throne,
And such Great *ANNA*'s Heart delights to own.

Illustrious Pair ! from whose Bless'd Union springs
The Peace of Kingdoms, and support of Kings.
A Series of successive *ORMOND'S* come
To Govern Subjects, and supply a Throne,
Where Regal Power and Liegeance friendly stand,
And hold the Scepter in the Sovereign's Hand ;
For which the State must some new Title frame,
And the high Station have no Vulgar Name ;
The highest Pattern of Subjection here,
Yet little less than King He Governs there.

ANNA and *ORMOND*, in their Spheres Both Bright,
She by Her Own, He by Her Borrow'd Light ;
Who when He mounts his Radiant Orb of Power,
Her Greater Glory shows how much He's Lower.
So the kind Sun, the lesser Planets lends
His Glorious Light, yet ne're the more Descends.
ANNA alone can such a Subject Claim,
To Rule, as well as Humble *France* and *Spain* ;
And give the Haughty *Frank* one Regent more,
Greater than those our Monarchs sent before,
The Ancient Bards, did such their Heroes feign,
Their Demi-gods were such Refined Men :
And Noble *ORMOND'S*, and Great *BEAUFORT*'s Line,
Such Heroes still must Yield, Men half Divine.

What various Passions, and what anxious Thought ?
In Fair Albion's Breasts their Battels fought ;
With dubious Victory still they Fall and Rile,
Sometimes her Fears prevail, and then her Joys.
Whilst her Undaunted Lord Unmov'd does stand,
And dares their Dangerous Seas, and Hostile Land :
Your Safety, Sir, or Glory, turn the Scales,
And now Your Honour, then her Love prevails ;
She scarce can Think, much less Her *ORMOND* Name
For certain Dangers, and uncertain Fame.
Her Eyes in Tears dissolve, with Joy her Heart,
And at Your Name her Watchful Senses start ;
Your Lovely Image still their constant Theam,
And if lock'd up in Sleep, 'tis then their Dream :
Sometime the rising Surges strike her Eyes,
And in her Breast much greater Tempests rise ;
Each

Each Rolling Wave does more disturb her Soul,
 This Thought, that Passion, on the other Roll,
 The shifting Winds her various Sighs express,
 And as they rise or fall, are more or less ;
 The Air You Breath, even in her Face is seen,
 And that with Yours, is Clouded or Serene ;
 All the Delights and Terrors of the Sea,
 Deject by Turns, or raise Alternately,
 Fair Galatea-like, in Pomp and Pride,
 She seems in Triumph with Her Lord to Ride ;
 Till gathering Clouds again new Storms proclaim,
 And Scare and Scatter all her Noble Train,
 Whilst surly Billows in stern Looks affright,
 And chase smooth Calmness from her Breast and Sight.
 The Quiet Halcyon lodg'd there just before,
 Now Gulls and Cormorants beat the Boisterous Shore ;
 Kind Nereids, Nymphs, and Dolphins, Roand her Sail,
 Then horrid Grampus, Shark, and Monstrous Whale.
 On Hills of Slain she sees her ORMOND lie,
 Then on some Bed of Coral in the Sea ;
 One while Your Triumphs with Delight she hears,
 Listens to Joy, then doubts again and Fears ;
 All Love's soft Musick in those Fears are drown'd ;
 Her Lute lies Trembling at Your Trumpets sound ;
 Britannia's Flaggs her Sovereign's Conquests shew,
 But still the Bloody Flaggs her Fears renew.
 What Mortal Courage greater Weight could Bear,
 Of Anxious Joy and most Tormenting Fear ;
 Only that Courage, Mighty Sir, You Own,
 Was in her Noble Love and Suffering shewn :
 In Vain from Art she seeks for Help and Ease,
 True Cordial Love's too Dangerous a Disease ;
 Prudence and Safety made her Wisely choose
 H-----ns for His Art Renown'd, and for His Muse.
 Yet still Your Safety, Sir, did her's Restore,
 Tho' all was done, what Art could do before ;
 Tho' even kind ANN's Sovereign Help was seen,
 The most Indulgent Mistress, Friend, and Queen.
 At ORMOND's Safety, Gladly she Revives,
 And to Partake in Albion's Triumphs Lives.
 Thus the Chast Greek Consoles her Absent Lord,
 And Dreads his own, more than the Trojans Sword.
 A Lord, who did Great ORMOND's Virtues Share,
 As Sage in Council, and as Brave in War.
 Your Courage shocks her's with a greater Fear,
 Than if each Haughty Frank an Hector were.

Your Chearing Sight Albion Desires, ob 5. W. on the R. side
 More than Gold Empires which your Sword Acquires. and I
 See Old Laertes, with like Passion Run,
 To Adorn Your Triumphs, and Revive his own.
 Whilst Young Telemachus out-runs his Years,
 And Hero-like Triumphant appears :
 All these do call Victorious O R M O N D Home,
 And Love and Honour bid Him haste and come.

To their Embraces soon the Hero came,
 Whom Albion's Arms receiv'd with equal Flame ;
 Both Youth and Age the Mighty Man admire,
 Whose Goodness with His Greatness feeds the Fire ;
 Somewhat of Both my little Self do know,
 And by Experience best can tell you so.
 All solid Greatness, all substantial Good,
 Hereditary all, and in the Blood ;
 All what was O R M O N D, all what O S S O R Y,
 We in this great United Hero see. Th' Immortal Muses Patron never Dies ;
 Still Happy Oxford in her O R M O N D lives ;
 One of that Race will still supply the Store,
 Whilst Thames and Ise wash her Learned Shore.
 In Courts, in Camps, and in Proud Learnings seat,
 Always expect an O R M O N D to be Great.

Pardon, Great Sir, 'tis what Your Goodness must,
 For that's no fulsome Praise, which is so Just ;
 Crowns change Descent, by Acts of Force or State,
 Your higher Virtues still Descend by Fate ;
 To those You may prescribe by Right Divine,
 And never find them alter'd in your Line ;
 Your Honour, Friendship, of a Nobler sort,
 Without th' Allay or Fineness of a Court ;
 Th' Acces so easy, tho' your Sphere so high,
 With Bounteous Grace, you Oblige when you Deny :
 Degenerate Maxims make with Courts a Jest,
 To have a Candid Heart, and open Breast ;
 And sacred Majesty it self Prophane,
 And say, Who can't Dissemble, ne're can Reign.
 All these Vile Maxims and Degenerate Rules,
 Laid down by Knaves, and soon believ'd by Fools.
 Your Greatness, Goodness, damns to Publick Shame,
 Their Authors blush at O R M O N D's Sacred Name.
 Open Your Heart, Your Soul without Deceit,
 The pure Reverse to Ministers of State ;
 Truth and Performance still attend Your Word,
 As Fame and Victory follow still your Sword ;

Honour

Honour oft cheaply Sold, or dearly Bought,
 Still fill'd Your Veins, or drain'd them as You Fought ;
 It with Your Soul, was all in every part,
 Yet kept its Empire in Your *English Heart* ;
 And from no other Hands could Justly flow
 On You, than Her's, whose *Heart's Entirely so* ;
 Honours bestow'd before, had look'd like Shame,
 Which your Neglect, did loudly theirs Proclaim.
 In You alone the distant World was Told,
 That *English* Fight for Honour, *Dutch* for Gold ;
 The Hungry Spaniards Gorge makes Gold his Prey ;
 You Conquer *Indies*, but to Give away.
 Neglected Merits last *Dernier Resort* !
 Which Daily at Your *Levee* makes her Court ;
 Mars and the Muse, there kind Reception find,
 And Bays, or Laurels all their Temples Bind,
 Are in Your Sacred Breast the Divine *Pallas* Joyn'd.
 'Tis that true Merit does distinctly know
 With Judgment, Favours and Rewards bestow :
 Not like some Thoughtless Courts, which Thankless made
 Your shining Laurels truly Grow in Shade.
 If Kings are Gods, Such should their Vice-Roys be ;
 And *OR MOND, ANNIA's* Place does Best Supply.
 Sad *Albion* thus Her absent Genius Mourns ;
 With the Glad People's Voice He thus Returns ;
 The People's Voice, of late, made All Divine ;
 And well the People here the Gods might Joyn.
 Our Ancient Sages, and Our Active Youths,
 In Numbers throng to Learn the Wondrous Truths ;
 To Hear the Hero His Great Acts Rehearse ;
 Whose Modest Words still strive to make them Less :
 While Honour, Safety, to Him *Britain* owes ;
 And Fame through all the World His Trumpet blows.
 But none with more Concern and Joy does hear,
 The Dangers past of her perplexing Fear,
 Than Fair *Albione*, who her wondrous Lord
 Does all the while with Looks Devout regard ;
 She hears how *Rotta's* first Attack was made,
 How fast the *Franks*, and Proud *Iberians* fled,
 How *Mattagorda's* Fort by Storm was Ta'ne,
 And how the Intrepid Duke March'd o're the Slain ;
 The Thoughts of Blood, and Slain, still make her start,
 And Conquer'd Fear Invades her Trembling Heart ;
 As Agues leave some Shiverings still behind,
 And Fear's the self-same Fever of the Mind :
 She Hears, alas ! to Hear she can't afford,
 What dreadful Cannon pointed at her Lord ; How

How through all *Vigo's* Eire, and Clouds of Smoke,
He March'd ; and still she Trembl'd as he spoke.
But as with sullen Clouds a-while o're cast,
The Radiant Sun breaks out more Bright at last :
So *O R M O N D*'s Glory warms, expands each Breast,
With Gloomy Thoughts, and Dreadful Shades possest :
The Ravish'd Isle breaks out in Songs of Praise,
And only thinks what Trophies she must Raise.
As when to *Rome* the Joyful Tidings came
Of Her Triumphant Victors Glorious Fame,
She met in Triumph Her Victorious Bands ;
Laurels Adorn'd their Heads, and Palms their Hands.
The Senate still new Honours them decree'd,
And Busts and Statues for each Victor made.
The Conquering Hero to their Temples rode,
To pay His Vows, and seem'd Himself a God :
Before Him all the Spoils of War they bear,
With *Rome's* Proud Ensigns hovering in the Air.
From Distant Realms their Conquering Eagles come,
With Highest Pomp conduct the Hero Home :
Their Vanquish'd Foes in Servile Chains attend,
And make the Glorious Train in greater Triumph end :
Loud *Io*'s rang through all the Ravish'd Crowd,
Old *Tiber* too with Joy his Banks o'reflow'd.

Such *Britain's* Joys ! Such *Albion's* Triumphs were !
When Her Victorious *O R M O N D* landed here :
And Such again do from *Hibernia's* Shores,
Expect the Hero, when He lands on Ours.
Th' August Procession march'd in Pomp to *Paul's*,
More Sacred than *Rome's* Fanes, or Capitols ;
Whilst *England's* Senate, more August, does raise
O R M O N D's High Monuments of Thanks and Praise :
Whilst *A N N A*'s Bounteous Hand rewards His Pains,
And shows, that here a Greater Monarch Reigns.
Our Richer *Thames* does all Her Champions meet,
With their Triumphant, and their Vanquish'd Fleet ;
Whose Captive Squadrons make the Richest Sight,
The Noblest Triumphs of the Bravest Fight.
Whilst *Britain's* Flags and Streamers fill the Air,
Whose Bloody Cross Her Conquests best declare ;
With all the Tow'r-Discharges, hear them come,
And the Glad City shout their Welcome-Home :
With the Best Gold be all their Medals wrought,
And their Reverse show how Our *Britains* Fought :
There Fix the Pillars, and Inscribed be,
Th' Herculean Labours of the Earth and Sea.